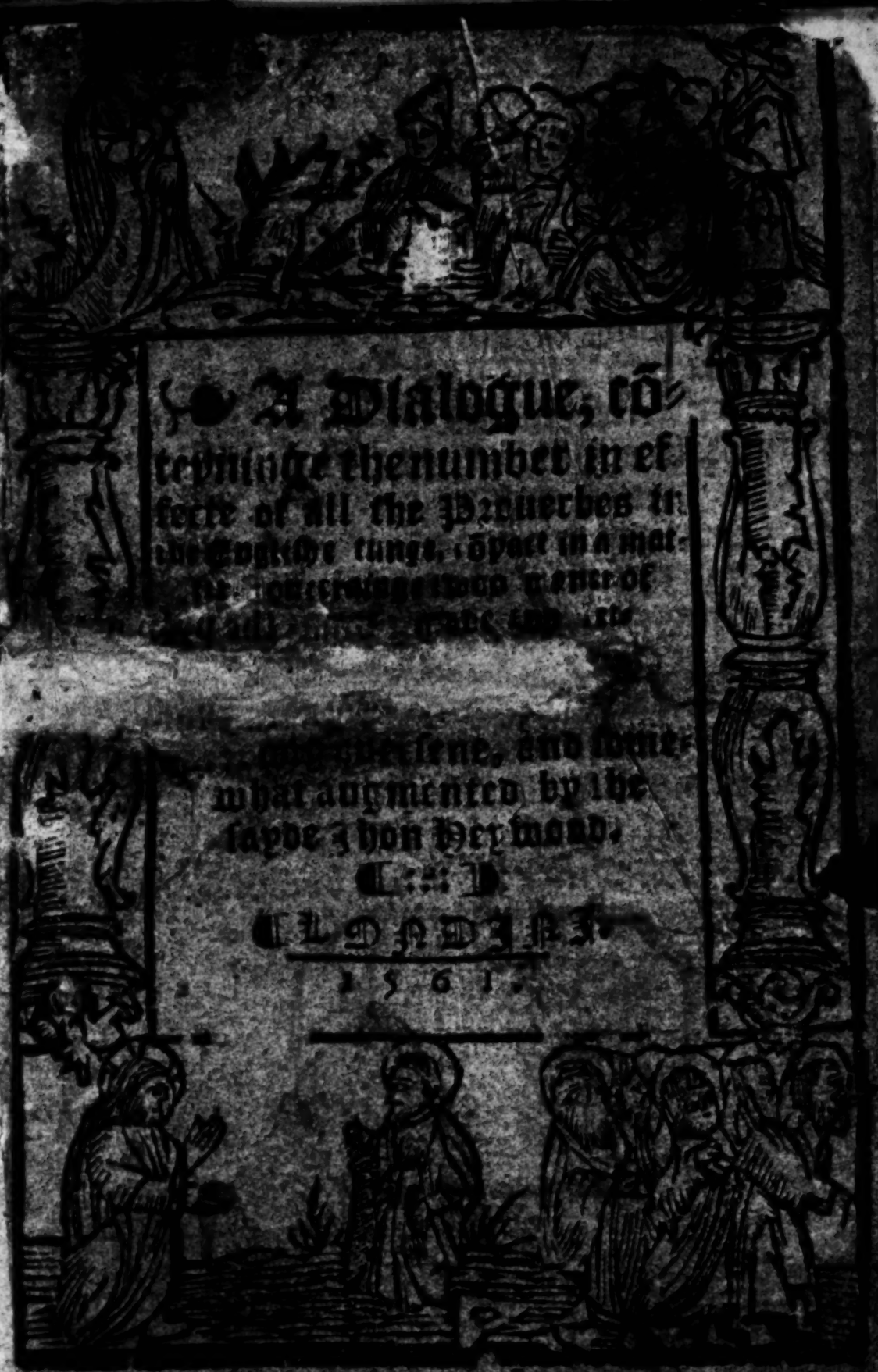


A Dialogue, cõteyninge the number in effecte of all the Prouerbes in the Englishe tunge, cõpact in a matter [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]sene, and somewhat augmented by the sayde Thon Heywood.

[illegible]

LONDINI.

1561.

¶ The preface.

AMONG other thinges profiting in our tong
Those which much may profit both old and yõg
Such as on their fruite will feede or take hold
Are our common plaine pittie prouerbes olde.
Some sence of some of which beyng bare and rude,
Yet to fine and fruitfull effect they allude.
And their sentences include so large a reache,
That almost in all thinges good lessons they teache.
This write I not to teache, but to touche. for why,
Men know this as well or better than I,
But this and this rest, I write for thys.
Remembring and considering what the [illegible]
That by rem[illegible]
In thys tale, [illegible]
As many of them as we could fitly finde,
Fallyng to purpose, that might fall in minde.
To thentent that the reader redely maye
[illegible] them and minde them, whan he will alwaye

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The fyrst Chapiter.

Of myne acquaintance a certaine yonge man
(Beyng a resorter to me now and than)
Resorted lately, showing him selfe to be
desirous to talke at length alone with me.
And as we for this, a mete place had won.
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begon.
WHO so that knewe, what would be dere,
Should nedes be a marchant but one yere,
Though it (quod he) thing impossible be,
The full sequele of present things to foresee:
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man
Politikely (as man possible can)
In things to come after to caste eie before,
To caste out or kepe in things for fore store.
As the prouision maie seme most profitable,
And the commoditie moste commendable.
Into this consideracion I am wrought
By two things, which fortune to hands hath brought
Two women I know, of which twaine the tone
Is a maide of flouring age, a goodly one.
Thother a widowe, who so many yeares beares,
That all her whitnesse lyeth in hir whyte hayres.
This maide hath freds riche, but riches hath she none
For none can hir hands get to liue vpon,
Thys widow is very riche, and her frendes bare,
And both these, for loue to wed with me fond are.
And both woulde I wed, the better and the wurs.
The tone for her person, the tother for her purs,

They woo not my substaunce, but my selfe they woo
Goodes haue I none and small good can I dooe.
On this poore maid hir riche frends I clerely know,
(So she wed where they will) great gifts will besto
But with them all I am so far from fauer,
That she shall sure haue no grote if I haue her.
And I shall haue as litell, all my frendes swere,
Except I folow them, to wedde els where.
The poore frends this riche widow beare no sway,
But wed hir and win welth, whan I will I may.
Nowe whiche of these twayne is lyke to be derest
In peyn or pleasure to sticke to me nerest,
The depth of all doubtes with you to consider,
The sence of the saide prouerbe sendth me hither.
The best bargaine of both quickly to haue skande,
For one of them thinke I to make out of hande,

The. ii. Chapiter.

FRende (quod I) welcome, & wish right good w
I will as I can, your will herein fulfyll
And two things I se in you, that shew you wi
First in wedding ere ye wed, to aske aduise.
The seconde, your yeares beyng yong it aperes,
ye regard yet good prouerbes of olde ferne yeres.
And as ye grounde your tale vpon one of them,
Furnisshe we this tale with euerichone of them.
Suche as may fitly fall in mynde to dispose.
Agreed (quod he) Then (quod I) first this disclose.
Haue you to this old wydow, or this yong maide,
Any wordes of assurance ere this tyme saide?

Pay in good faith ſaide he. Well than (ſaide I)
I will be plaine with you, and may honeſtly.
And plainly to ſpeake, I like you (as I ſayde)
In two foꝛe to lde thin[illegible], but a thirde haue I wayde,
Not ſo much to be lik[illegible], as I can deme,
Whiche is in your wedding your haſt ſo extreme.
THE beſt oꝛ woꝛſt thing to man foꝛ this lyfe,
Is good oꝛ yll chooſing his good oꝛ yll wyfe.
I meane not onely of body good oꝛ bad,
But of all things meete oꝛ vnmeete to be had,
Ouche as at any tyme by any meane maie
Betwene man and wife, loue encreaſe oꝛ decaie.
Where this ground in any head, grauely grateth,
All fyꝛy haſt to wed it ſoone rebateth.
Som things that pꝛouoke young men to wed in haſte,
Shoꝛtly after wedding, that haſt maketh waſte.
When tyme hath tournd white ſuger to whyte ſalte,
Than ſuche folke ſe, ſoft fyꝛe maketh ſwete malte.
And that deliberacion doth men aſſiſt
Beꝛoꝛe they wed to beware of had I wiſt.
And than their tymely wedding doth clere appeꝛe,
That they were earely vp, and neuer the neꝛe.
And once their haſty heat a litell controlde,
Than perceiue they well, hoote loue ſoone colde.
And when haſty witleſſe mirth is mated weele,
Good to be mery and wyſe, they thinke and feele.
Haſte in wedding ſom man thinkth his owne auayle,
When haſte pꝛoueth a rod made foꝛ his owne tayle.
And when he is well beaten with his owne rod,
Than ſeeth he haſt and wiſedome things far od.

And that in all, or most things, wyght at nede,
Moste tymes he seeth, the more haste the lesse spede
In les things the wedding, hast showth hast mans
So that the hasty man neuer wanteth wo.
These sage sayd sawes if ye take so profounde,
As ye take that, by which ye toke your grounde.
Than find ye grounded cause by these now here tol
In haste to weddyng your hast to withhold.
And though they seme wyues for you neuer so fyt.
Yet let not harmfull hast so far out ren your wyt,
But that ye harke to here all the whole some,
That maye please or displease you in tyme to com
Thus by these lessons ye may learne good cheape,
In wedding all thyng, to loke or ye leape.
Ye haue euen now well ouerlookt me (quod he)
And lept very nye me to. For I agre,
That these sage sayings doe weightely way
Against hast in all thing, but I am at bay.
By other parables of lyke weightie weight,
Which hast me to weddyng, as ye shal heare streig

The. iii. Chapiter.

He that will not whan he maie,
Whan he would, he shall haue naie.
Beautie or riches the tone of the twayne
Newe may I chose, and which me lyst obtayne.
And if we determine me, this mayde to take,
And then tract of tyme tayne her me to forsake:
Than my beautifull mariage lyeth in the dyke,
And neuer so beautie, shall I wedde the lyke.

Nowe if we awarde me thys wydowe to wedde,
And that I dryue of tyme tyll tyme she be dedde,
Than farewell ryches, the fat is in the fyre.
And neuer shall I to lyke ryches aspyre.
And a thousand folde wolde it greue me more.
That she in my faute should dye one houre before,
Than one minute after. Than haste must prouoke.
When the pygge is proferd to hold vp the poke.
When the Sune shynth make hey. which to saye.
Take tyme when tyme comth, least tyme steie awaye
And one good lesson to this purpose I pyke
From the smiths forge, When thyron is hote strike,
The sure sea man seeth, the tyde tarieth no man.
And long delaies or absence somwhat to skan,
Sens that one will not, an other will,
Delaies in woers must nedes their spede spyll.
And touching absence, the full accompte who somthe
Shall see, as fast as one goeth an other comthe.
Tyme is tyckell, and oute of sight out of mynde.
Than catche and hold while I may, fast bynd fast find
Blame me not to haste, for feare mine eie be bleare.
And therby the fat cleane flit fro my berde.
Where wooers hoppe in and out, lõg time mai bring
Hym that hoppeth best, at last to haue the ring.
I hopping without for a ring of a rushe.
And while I at length debate and beate the bushe,
There shall steppe in other men. & catche the birdes,
And by long tyme lost in many vayne wurdes.
Betwene these two wiues, make shouth spede cõsoũd
While betwene two stooles, my tayle go to grounde.

By this, sens we see slouth must brede a scab,
Best, sticke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.
Thus all your prouerbes inuehyng against haste,
Beanswerd with prouerbs plaine & promptly plaste
Wherby, to purpose all this no further fits,
But to shewe, so many heds so many wits.
Whiche shewe as surely in all that they ani tell,
That in my wedding I may euen as well
Tary to long, and therby come to late,
As come to soone by hast in any rate.
And proue this prouerbe, as the woordes therof go,
Haste or slouth herein worke nother welth nor wo.
Be it far or ny, weddyng is destyny,
And hanging lykewise, saith that prouerbe, sayde I,
Thã wed or hãg (quod he) what helpth in the whole
To hast or hang aloof, happy man happy dole.
Yea deale this dole (quod I) out at a wrong dur.
For destyny in this case doth not so stur
Against mans indeuour, but man may direct
His will, for prouision to worke or neglect.
But to shew ỹ quick wedding may bring good spede
Somwhat to purpose, your prouerbs proue in dede.
Howbeit, whether they counterpaise or out way
The prouerbs, whiche I before them did lay,
The triall therof we will lay a water.
Tyll we trie more. For trying of whiche mater
Declare all commodities ye can deuise,
That by those twoo weddinge to you can rise.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM

I will (quod he) in bothe theſe caſes ſtreight thos
What things (as I thike) to me by thē wil grow
And where my loue began, there begin will I.
With this maide, the peece pereleſſe in myne eie.
Whom I ſo fauour, and ſhe ſo fauourth me,
That halfe a death to vs a ſunder to be.
Affection eche to other doth vs ſo moue,
That welny without foode, we coulde lyue by loue.
For he I right ſad, or right ſicke, from hir ſight,
Her preſence abſenteth all maladies quight.
Which ſeen, and that the great ground in mariage
Standth vpon likyng the parties perſonage,
And than of olde prouerbes in opening the packe,
One ſhewth me openly in loue is no lacke.
No lacke of liking, but lacke of liuing,
Naie lacke in loue (quod I) and brede yll cheuyng.
Well as to that (ſaid he) harke this o thyng,
What time I lacke not hir, I lacke nothing.
But though we haue nought, nor nought we can geat
God neuer ſendth mouth, but he ſendth meat.
And a hard beginning maketh a good ending.
In ſpace comth grace, and thus further amending.
Seldome cometh the better, and like will to like.
God ſendth colde after clothes, and this I pike.
She, by lacke of ſubſtaunce ſemyng but a ſparke,
Steyneth yet the ſtouteſt. For a leg of a larke
Is better than is the body of a kyght.
And home is homely, though it be poore in ſyght.

By this, sens we see slouth must brede a scab,
Best, sticke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.
Thus all your prouerbes inuehyng against haste,
Beanswerd with prouerbs plaine & promptly plast
Wherby, to purpose all this no further fits,
But to shewe, so many heds so many wits.
Whiche shewe as surely in all that they all tell,
That in my wedding I may euen as well
Tary to long, and therby come to late,
As come to soone by hast in any rate.
And proue this prouerbe, as the woordes therof go,
Haste or slouth herein worke nother welth nor wo.
Be it far or ny, weddyng is destyny,
And hanging lykewise, saith that prouerbe, sayde I.
Thā wed or hāg (quod he) what helpth in the whole
To hast or hang aloof, happy man happy dole.
Yea deale this dole (quod I) out at a wrong dur.
For destyny in this case doth not so stur
Against mans indeuour, but man may direct
His will, for prouision to worke or neglect.
But to shew ỹ quick wedding may bring good spede
Somwhat to purpose, your prouerbs proue in dede.
Notwithstanding, whether they counterpaise or out way
Tho prouerbs, whiche I before them did lay,
The triall therof we will lay a water.
Tyll we trie more. For trying of whiche mater
Declare all commodities ye can deuise,
That by those twoo weddinge to you can rise.

T

I will (quod he) in bothe theſe caſes ſtreight ſhew
What things (as I thike) to me by thē wil grow
And where my loue began, there begin will I.
With this maide, the peece pereleſſe in myne eie.
Whom I ſo fauour, and ſhe ſo fauourth me,
That halfe a death to vs a ſunder to be.
Affection eche to other doth vs ſo moue,
That welny without foode, we coulde lyue by loue.
For he I right ſad, or right ſicke, from hir ſight,
Her preſence abſenteth all maladies quight.
Which ſeen, and that the great ground in mariage
Standth vpon likyng the parties perſonage,
And than of olde prouerbes in opening the packe,
One ſhewth me openly in loue is no lacke.
No lacke of liking, but lacke of liuing,
Naie lacke in loue (quod I) and brede yll cheuyng.
Well as to that (ſaid he) harke this o thyng,
What time I lacke not hir, I lacke nothing.
But though we haue nought, nor nought we can geat
God neuer ſendth mouth, but he ſendth meat.
And a hard beginning maketh a good ending.
In ſpace comth grace, and thus further amending.
Seldome cometh the better, and like will to like.
God ſendth colde after clothes, and this I pike.
She, by lacke of ſubſtaunce ſemyng but a ſparke,
Keynth yet the ſtouteſt. For a leg of a larke
Is better than is the body of a kyght.
And home is homely, though it be poore in ſyght.

These prouerbs for this parte shew such a flourishe.
And than this partie doth delite so nourishe,
That much is my bow bent to shoote at these marke
And kyl feare, when the sky falth we shal haue larke
All perils that fall maie, who fearth they fall shall,
Shall so feare all thing, that he shall let fall all.
And be more fraid than hurt, if thē things wer doon
Feare may force a man to cast beyond the moone.
Who hopeth in Gods helpe, his helpe can not sterte
Nothing is impossible to a willing hert,
And will maye wyn my herte, herein to consent,
To take all things as it comth, and be content.
And here is (quod he) in marying of this mayde,
For courage and commoditee all myne ayde.
Well sayde (saied I) but a while kepe we in quench
All this case, as touching this poore yong wenche.
And now declare your whole consideracion,
What maner things draw your imaginacion.
Toward your weddyng of this widow riche and old
That shall ye (quod he) out of hande haue tolde.

The. vi. Chapiter.

This wydowe beyng foule, and of fauour yll,
In good behauour can very good skyll.
Pleasantly spoken, and a very good wyt,
And at her table, whan we together syt,
I am well serued, we fare of the best.
The meate good and holsome, and holsomly drest.
Swete and softe lodgyng, and therof great shyfte.
This felte and seene, with all implementes of thy

of plate and money such cubpoordes and coffers,
and that without payne I may win these proffers,
Than couetise bearyng Venus bargaine backe,
sayeth this bargaine saith, better leaue then lacke.
nd fredinesse, to drawe desire to hir lore,
ayeth, that the wise man saieth, store is no sore
a ho hath many pease maie put the mo in the pot.
f two yls, chose the least whils choyse lyth in lot.
ens lacke is an yll as yll as man maie haue,
o prouide for the worst, while the best it selfe saue.
estie welth wylth me this wydow to wyn,
o let the world wag, and take mine ease in myne in
e must nedes swym, that is holde vp by the chin.
e laugth that wynth. And this threed finer to spyn,
aister promotion saieth, make this substance sure,
ryches bring ones portly countenaunce in vre.
han shalt thou rule the rost all rounde about,
nd better to rule, than be ruled by the rout.
is saide be it better be it wurs',
o ye after hym that beareth the purs.
hus be I by this, oues le senior de graunde,
any that commaunded me, I shall commaunde.
nd also I shall to reuẽge former hurts,
old their noses to grinstone, and sit on their skurts,
hat erst sat on myne. And ryches may make
ends many waies. Thus better to geue than take,
d to make carnall appetite consent
ason laboreth will to wyn wils content,
take lacke of beautie but as on eye sore.
e faire and the foule, by darke are lyke store.

Than

When all candels be out, all cats be grey,
All things are then of one colour, as who ſey.
And this prouerbe ſaith, for quenching hot deſyre,
Foule water as ſoone as fayre, wil quenche hote fy
Where gifts be geuen freely, eaſt weſt north or ſou
No man ought to loke a geuen hors in the mouth.
And thongh her mouth be foule, ſhe hath a faire ta
I conſtre this text, as is moſte my auaile,
Inwant of white teeth and yelow hayres to behol
She florifſheth in white ſiluer and yelow gold.
What though ſhe be toothleſſe, and balde as a coo
Her ſubſtaunce is ſhoote anker, wherat I ſhoote.
Take a peyne for a pleaſure all wiſe men can.
What, hungry dogges will eat durty puddyngs ma
And here I conclude (quod he) all that I knowe
By this old widow, what good to me maie growe.

The. vi. Chap'ter.

I haue (quod I) in theſe concluſions founde
Sundrie things, that very ſauerly ſounde,
And both the long caſes, beyng well bewde
In one ſhort queſtion, we may well intlewde,
Whiche is, whether beſt or wurſt be to be ledde
With riches, without loue or beautie, to wedde:
Or with beautie without richeſſe for loue.
This queſtiõ (quod he) inquireth all that I moue.
It doth ſo (ſaid I) and is neerely touched.
But thanſwere will not ſo brefely be touched.
And your ſelfe, to length it, take: h direct trade.
For to all reaſons, that I haue yet made.

ſeme moze to ſeke reaſons how to contende,
an to the counſell of myne to condiſcende.
o to be playne, as I muſt with my frende,
erfectly feele euen at my fingers ende:
harde is your hande ſet on your halfepeny:
at my reaſoning your reaſon ſetteth nought by.
t reaſon foz reaſon, ye ſo ſtikly ley
pzouerbe foz pzouerbe, that with you do way,
at reaſon onely ſhall herein nought moue you
heare moze than ſpeake, wherfoze I wil pzoue you
ith reaſon, aſſiſted by erperience.
hiche my ſelfe ſawe, not long ſens noz far hence.
a matter ſo like this faſhond in frame,
at none can be lyker, it ſemeth euen theſame,
in theſame, as your ſelfe ſhall eſpy
e ſentence ſoothed with a pzouerbe, welny.
at ende of theſame, ye ſhall clerely ſee
w this ſhozt queſtion ſhoztly aũſwerd maye bee.
mary (quod he) now ye ſhoote nie the pzicke.
ctiſe in all, aboue all toucheth the quicke.
ſe vpon pzactiſe, muſt take holde moze ſure,
au any reaſoning by geſſe can pzocure.
e bzing pzactiſe in place, without fabling.
ill banyſh both haſte and buſy babbyng.
yet that pzomiſe to perfourme is mickell
in this caſe my tung muſt oft tickell.
knowe well it is, as telth vs th's olde tale,
te, that a man be at his owne bzidale.
e wiue well (quod I) meete and good it were.
ls as good foz hym an other were there.

But

But for this your bridale I meane not in it,
That science shall suspend your speche euery whit,
But in these mariages, which ye here meue,
Sens this tale conteinth the counsaile I can geue,
I would se your eares attend with your tung,
For aduise in both these weddyngs olde and yong.
In whiche hearing, time seene when & what to talk
When your tunge tyckleth, at will let it walke.
And in these brydales, to the reasons of ours,
Marke inine experience in this case of yours.

¶ The. vii. Chapiter.

WIthin few years past, from London no far
Where I & my wife, w our poore houshold
Two yong men were abiding whō to disc
Were I, in portratyng persons dead or alyue,
As cunninge and as quicke, to touche them at full,
As in that feate I am ignorant and dull,
Neuer could I paynte their pictures to allow,
More liuely, than to peint the picture of yow.
And as your three persons shew one similitewd,
So shew you three one, in all things to be vewd,
Likewise a widdwe and a maide there did dwell,
A lyke lyke the wydow and mayde ye of tell.
The frends of them foure in euery degree,
Standyng in state as the frends of you three,
Those twoo men, eche other so hasted or taried,
That those two women on one daye they maried.
Into two houses, which nert my house did stand,
The one on the right, thother on the lefte hand.

othe bridegomes bad me, I could do none other,
ut dine with the tone, and sup with the tother.
that wedded this widow ryche and olde,
d also she, fauoured me so, that they wolde.
ake me dine or sup ones or twise in a weke.
hys poore yong man and his make beyng to seke
oft, where they might eate or drinke, I theym bad,
ere I at home, to such pittaunce as I had.
hich cõmon conference such confidence wrought,
them to me, that dede, woorde, ne weiny thought.
aunced amonge them, what euer it weare,
ut one of the foure brought it streight to myne eare.
herby betwene these twayne, and their two wiues.
oth for welthe and wo, I knew all their four liues,
d sence the matter is much intricate,
twene syde and side, I shall here seperate
matters on both sydes, and than sequestrate,
one syde, while tother be full reherst, in rate,
for your vnderstandyng maye best stande.
d thys young poore couple shall come first in hãde.
ho, the day of weddyng and after, a whyle.
uld not looke eche on other, but they muste smile.
a whelps for wantonnes in out whippes,
playde these twayne, as mery as three chippes.
there was God (quod he) whan all is doone.
yde (quod I) it was yet but hony moone.
e blacke ore had not trode on his nor her foote.
t er this branche of blys could reach any roote,
e floures so faded, that in fyftene weekes,
nan might espye the chaunge in the cheekes.

Both

Both of this poze wzetch, & his wyfe this poze wenc
Their faces told toyes, ỹ Totnam was tourned frēc
And all their light laughyng turnd and translated,
Into sad sygh yng, all myzth was amated.
And one mozning tymely he toke in hande,
To make to my house, a sleeueles errande.
Hankyng vpon me, his mynde herein to bzeake.
Whiche I would not see, tyll he began to speake.
Praiyng me to heare him. And I saide: I wolde.
Wherwith this that foloweth forthwith he tolde.

The. viii. Chapiter.

I Am nowe dziuen (quod he) foz ease of my herte,
To you, to bter part of mine inward smerte.
And the matter concerneth my wife and me.
Whose fathers and mothers long sence dead be.
But vncles, with auntes and cosins, haue wee
Diuers ryche on both sydes, so that we did see.
If we had wedded, eche where eche kyndzed wolde.
Neither of vs had lackt, either siluer oz golde.
But neuer coulde suite, on either syde obtayne
One peny, to the one wedding of vs twayne.
And sens our otte mariyng oz marring daie
Where eny of them see vs, they shzynke awaie,
Solemnly swearyng, such as maie geue ought,
While they and we liue, of them we get right nou
Noz nought haue we, noz no waie ought can we g
Sauing by bozowyng, tyll we be in det
So far, that no man any moze will vs lende.
Wherby, foz lacke we bothe be at our wittes ende.

Wh

herof no wonder, ſens the end of our good,
beginning of our charge, together ſtood.
t wit is neuer good tyll it be bought.
wbeit when bought wits to beſt prize be brought:
is one good forewit woꝛth two after wits.
is paith me home lo, and full my foly hits.
had I lookt afore, with indifferent eye,
ough haſte had made me thurſt neuer ſo dye:
to drowne this drought, this muſt I nedes thynk.
I wolde nedes brewe, ſo muſt I nedes drynk.
e drinke of my bride cup I ſhould haue forborne.
ll temperance had temprd the taſte beforne.
e now, and ſhall ſee whyle I am alive,
ho wedth or he be wiſe ſhall dye or he thrive,
ſing now in this facte, factus eſt repente,
w my eies be open I do repent me.
hat will lawne before he can folde it.
ſhall repent hym b. fore he haue ſolde it.
n bargains dere bought, good chepe wold be ſold,
man loueth his fetters, be they made of geld.
ere I looſe from the louely lynges of my chayne,
ould not daunce in ſuch fayre fetters againe.
houſe to kepe houſhold, when folkes will wed,
things belong, than foure bare legs in a bed.
ckned my weddyng a ſuger ſweete ſpice,
t reckners without their hoſt muſt recken twice.
ll though it were ſwete for a weke or twayne,
ece meate will haue ſowre ſauce, I ſe now plain:
ntinuall penurie, which I muſt take,
th me, better eye out then alwaies ake.

Boldly and blindly I ventred on this,
Howbeit, who ſo bolde as blynde Bayard is?
And herein to blame any man, then ſhould I raue.
For I dyd it my ſelf: and ſelf do, ſelf haue.
But a day after the fayre, comth this remors,
For relieſe: for though it be good hors
That neuer ſtumbleth, what prayſe can that auouch
To ladies yͤ breake their neks at firſt trip or touche.
And before this my firſt foyle or breakneck fall,
Suptilly lyke a ſhepe thought I, I ſhall
Cut my cote after my cloth. When I haue her.
But now: I can ſmell, nothing hath no ſauer
I am tought to know, in more haſt than good ſpede,
How Iudicare came into the Crede.
My carefull wyfe in one corner wepeth in care,
And I in an other the purs is threde bare.
This corner of our care (quod he) I you tell,
To craue therin your comfortable counſell.

The.ir. Chapiter.

I Am ſory (quod I) of your pouertee,
And more ſory, that I can not ſuccour yre,
If ye ſue your nede myne almes to ſtur,
Then of trouth ye beg at a wrong mans dur.
There is nothing more payne, as your ſelf tell can,
Than to beg a breeche of a bare arſt man.
I come to beg nothing of you (quod he)
Saue your aduiſe, which may my beſt way be,
How to wyn preſent ſalue, for this preſent ſore.
I am lyke thyll ſurgeon (ſayd I) without ſtore

good playsters. Nowbeit such as they are,
shall haue the best I haue. But first declare,
here your and your wiues riche kinsfolke do dwel.
uyronned about vs (quod he) which shewth well,
e nere to the church, the farther from God.
st parte of them dwell within a thousand rod.
o yet shall we catche a hare with a taber,
soone as catche ought of them, and rather.
play colerophet (quod I) who taketh in hande,
knowe his aunswere before he do his errande.
hat should I to them (quod he) flyng or flyt,
vnbidden geast knoweth not where to syt.
an cast at carts ars, some folke in lake
an not please, A broken sleue holdth tharme backe.
nd shame drawth me backe, beyng thus forsaken.
Tushe man (quod I) shame is as it is taken it.
nd shame take him y shame thinkth ye thinke none.
mynded, vnmoned, go make your mone.
ll meatfall in your mouth will ye lye in bed,
or sit styll: nay he that gapeth tyll he be fed
apes fortune to fast and famish for hunger.
et forward, ye shall neuer labour yonger.
ell (quod he) if I shall nede this viage make,
ith as good will as a beare goth to the stake,
ill streight weye anker, and hoyse vp sayle.
nd thytherward hye me in haste like a snayle.
nd home agayn hytherward quicke as a bee.
w for good lucke, cast an olde shoe after mee.
nd first to myne vncle, brother to my father,
y suite, I will assaie to win some fauer.

Who brought me vp, and tyll my weddynge was don.
Loued me, not as his nephew, but as his son.
And his heire had I ben, had not this chaunced
Of lands and goodes, which shuld me much auanced.
Trudge (quod I) to him, and on your marybones,
Crouche to the grounde, and not so oft as ones
Speake any one word hym to contrary.
I can not tell that (quod he) by sainct Mary.
One yll worde areth an other, as folkes speake,
Well (quod I) better is to bow than breake.
It hurteth not the tung to geue fayre wurds.
The rough net is not the best catcher of burds.
Sence ye can nought wyn, if ye can not please,
Best is to suffre. For of suffrance comth ease.
Cause causeth (quod he) and as cause causeth me,
So will I do. And with this awaye went he.
Yet whether his wyfe should go with hym or no,
He send hir to me to know er he would go.
Wherto I saide, I thought best he went alone.
And you (quod I) to go streight as he is gone,
Among your kynsfolke likewise, if they dwell ny.
Yes (quod she) all round about euen here by.
Namely an aunte, my mothers syster, who well
(Sence my mother dyed) brought me vp from the shel.
And much wold haue geuē me, had my wedīg growne
Vpon hir fansy, as it grew vpon myne owne.
And in likewise myne vncle hir husband, was
A father to me. Well (quod I) let pas.
And if your husbands will his assent graunt,
Go, he to his vncle, and you to your aunt.

Yes

Yes this assent he graunteth before (quod she)
For he er this thought this the best to be.
But of these two thinges he wolde determine none
Without ayde. For two heads are better than one.
With this we departed, she to hir husbande,
And I to dyner to them on thother hande.

The. x. Chapiter.

WHan dyner was doone, I came home agayne
To attende on the returne of these twayne.
And er three houres to ende were fully tryde,
Home came she first, welcome (quod I) and well byde,
Ye a short horse is soone corryd (quod she)
But the weaker hath the wurs we all daye se.
After our last parting, my husbande and I
Departed, eche to place agreed formerly.
Myne vncle and aunte on me dyd lowre and glome
[illegible] bad me God spede, but none bad me welcome.
Their folkes gl[illegible]ed on me to, by whiche it apeareth.
The yong cocke croweth: as he the old[illegible] heareth.
At dyner they were, and made (for maners sake)
A kynswoman of ours me to table take.
A false flattryng fylth, and if that be good,
None better to beare two faces in one hood.
She speaketh as she would crepe into your bosome.
And whan the meale mouth hath won the bottome
Of your stomacke, than will the pikthanke it tell
To your moste enemies, you to bye and sell.
To tell tales out of schole, that is his great lust.
Loke what she knowth, blab it will, and out it must.

There is no mo such titifyls in Englands ground,
To holde with the hare, and run with the hound.
Fyre in the tone hand, and water in the tother,
The makebate beareth betwene brother and brother
She can winke on the yew, and wery the lam,
She maketh ear nest matters of euery flymflam.
She must haue an ore in euery mans barge.
And no man may that ought in ought of hir charge.
Coll vnder ranstyk, she can play on both hands,
Dissimulacion well she vnderstands.
She is lost with an apple, and won with a nut.
Her tung is no edge toole, but yet it will cut.
Her cheekes are purple ruddy lyke a horse plumme,
And the byg part of hir body is hir bumme.
But littl e titte all tayle, I haue herd er this
As high as twoo horse loues her person is,
For pryuy nyps or casts ouer thwart the shyns,
He shall lese the maistry that with hir begyns.
She is, to turne loue to hate, or [illegible] to grefe.
A paterne [illegible]as mete as a rope for a thefe.
Her promise of frendship, for any auayle,
Is as sure to holde as an ele by the tayle.
She is nother fysh nor flesh, nor good read hearing
She is a ryng leader there. And I fearing
She wold spit her venym, thought it not euel.
To set vp a candle before the deuell.
I clawd her by the backe in way of a charme,
To do me, not the more good, but the lesse harme.
Praying her in her eare, on my syde to holde,
She therto swearing by her false faith, she wolde.

Strei

Streight after dyner wyne aunte had no choice,
But other burſt, or burſt out in pilats voice.
Ye huſwife, what wynde blowth ye hither thus right?
Ye might haue knockt er ye cam in, leaue is light.
Better vnborne than vntought, I haue herd ſay,
But ye be better fed then taught farre away.
Not very fat fed, ſayd this flebergebet,
But nede hath no law, nede maketh hir hither-iet.
She comth nere Ales (quod ſhe) for that is hir name,
More for nede, than for kyndnes, payn of ſhame.
Howbeit ſhe can not lacke, for he kyndth that ſeekes,
Louers liue by loue, ye as larkes lyue by ſeekes,
Saied this Ales, much more than halfe in mockage.
Tuſhe (quod myne aunte) theſe louers in dotage
Think the ground beare them not, but wed of corage
They muſt in all haſte, though a leaſe of borage
Wight bie all the ſubſtance that they can ſell.
Well aunt (quod Ales) all is well that ends well,
Ye Ales, of a good beginning comth a good end,
Not ſo good to borow, as be able to lend,
Naye in dede aunt (quod ſhe) it is ſure ſo,
She muſt nedes graūt, ſhe hath wrought hir own wo.
She thought Ales, ſhe had ſene far in a milſtone,
When ſhe gat a huſbande, and namely ſuch one,
As they by wedding could not onely nought wyn,
But loſe both liuyng and loue of all their kyn.
Good aunt (quod I) humblie I beſech ye,
My treſpas done to you forgeue it me.
I know & knowlege, I haue wrought mine own pein
But things paſt my hands, I can not call agein.

Trſe (quod Ales) things done cā not be vndone,
Be they done in due tyme, to late, or to ſoone,
But better late then neuer to repent this.
To late (quod mine aunt) this repentance ſhewd is
Whan the ſtede is ſtolne ſhut the ſtable durre.
I toke hir for a roſe, but ſhe brædeth a burre.
She comth to licke to me now in his lacke,
Rather to rent of my clothes fro my backe,
Than to do me one farthing wooꝛth of good.
I ſee day at this litle hole. For this brood
Shewth what fruit will folow. In good faith I ſa
In way of petition I ſue for your aide.
Aſwell (quod ſhe) now I well vnderſtand
The walkyng ſtaffe hath caught warmth in your h
A cleand fingerd huſwife, and an ydell, folke ſaye,
And will be lyme fyngerd I feare by my faye,
It is as tender as a parſons lemman.
Nought can ſhe doe, and what can ſhe haue than?
As ſober as ſhe ſeemth, few dayes come about
But ſhe will once waſhe hir face in an ale clout.
And than betwene hir and ther eſt of the rout,
I proud, & thou proud, who ſhal beare thaſſhes out
She may not beare a fether, but ſhe muſt brethe.
She maketh ſo much of her paynted ſhethe.
She thynkth her farthyng good ſyluer I tell you
Put for a farthyng who euer dyd ſell you
Might holt you to be better ſold than bought.
And yet thoughſhe be wooꝛth nought, noꝛ haue nou
Her goune is gayer and better than myne.
At hir gaye goune (quod Ales) y e may repyne.

B

Howbeit as we maie we loue to go gaie all.
Well well (quod myne aunte) pryde will haue a fall.
For pride goeth before, and ſhame cometh after.
Sure (ſaide Ales) in maner of mocking laughter,
There is nothing in this worlde that agreeth wours,
Then doeth a ladies hert and a beggers purs.
But pride ſhe ſhewth none, hir looke reaſon alouth,
She lookth as butter wolde not melte in hir mouth.
Well ſhe ſtill ſow eats vp all the draffe ales.
All is not golde that glitters by tolde tales.
In youth ſhe was toward and without euill.
But ſoone ripe ſoone rotten, yonge ſeynt olde deuill.
Howbeit to god ſendth ſhrewd cowe ſhort hornes.
Whilſt ſhe was in this houſe ſhe ſat vpon thornes.
Eche one day was three, tyll libertie was borow,
For one months ioy to bring hir hole lyues ſorow.
It were pitie (quod Ales) but ſhe ſhould do wel.
For beautie and ſtature ſhe beareth the bell.
Ill weede growth faſt Ales. whereby the corn is lorne.
For ſurely the weede ouergroweth the corne.
We prayſe the vyne, before ye faſt of the grape.
But ſhe can no more harme than can a ſheepe.
It is a good body, hir propertie prefes.
She lacketh but euen a new payre of ſleues.
If I male (as they ſaie) tell trouth without fyn.
Of trouth ſhe is a wolf in a lambs ſkyn.
Her heart is full hye, whan hir eye is full low.
I geſt as good loue as founde, for all this ſhow.
But many a good roowe hath an euell cauſe.
I ſpeake this doughter in thy mothers behalfe.

My sister (God rest hir soule) whom though I bost,
Was cald the floure of honestie in this cost.
Aunt (quod I) I take for father and mother
Wyne vncle and you aboue all other,
When we wold, ye wold not be our chyld (quod she)
Wherfore now whan ye wold, now will not we.
Sens thou woldst nedes cast away thy self thus,
Thou shalt sure synke in thyne own syn for vs.
Aunt (quod I) after a doting or dronken dede,
Let submission obtain some mercy or mede.
Ye that kylth a man, whan he is dronke (quod she)
Shalbe hangd whan he is sobre. And he
Whom in itching no scratching will forbeare,
He must beare the smarting that shall folow there.
And thou beyng borne very nigh of my stocke,
Though ny be my kyrtell, yet nere is my smocke.
I haue one of mine owne whom I must loke to.
Ye aunt (quod Ales) that thing must ye nedes do.
Nature compelth you to set your owne first vp.
For I haue herd say, it is a dere colup
That is cut out of thowne flesh. But yet aunte,
So small may her request be, that ye may graunte
To satisfie thesame, which may do her good,
And you no harme in thauansing your own blood,
And cosin (quod she to me) what ye wold craue,
Declare, that our aunt may know what ye wold ha
Nay (quod I) be they wynners or loosers,
Folke say alway, beggers should be no chooosers.
With thanks I shall take what euer myne aut ple
Where nothing is, a litle thing doth eale,

Yun

Aunger makth hard beanes swete. wher saddles lacke
Better ride on a pad, than on the hors bare backe.
And by this prouerbe apereth this one thing,
That alway somwhat is better than nothing.
Hold fast whan ye haue it (quod she) by my lyke.
The boy thy husbande, and thou the gyrle his wyfe,
Shall not consume that I haue laboured fore.
Thou art yong ynough, and I can worke no more.
Kyt calot my cosyn saw this thus far on,
And in mine auntes eare she whispreth anon
Roundly these woords, to make this matter whole.
Aunt, let them that be a colde blow at the cole.
They shall for me Ales (quod she) by gods bysk.
She and I haue shaken hands, farewell vnkysk.
And thus with a becke as good as a dieu gard.
She slang fro me, and I from hir hitherward.
Beggyng of hir booteth not the woorth of a beane.
Litel knoweth the fat sow, what the lean doth meane
Forsoth (quod I) ye haue beskryd ye well.
But where was your vncle whyle all this fray fell?
I slepe by (quod she) routyng lyke a hog.
And it is euell wakyng of a sleping dog.
The hitche and hir whelp might haue bene a slepe to.
For ought they in wak ng to me would do.
Fare you well (quod she) I will now home streite.
And at my husbands hands for better newes weite.

The. xi. Chapiter.

HE came home to me the next day before noone.
What tydings now (quod I) how haue ye done?

Upon

Upon our departing (quod he) yesterdaie
Toward myne vncles, somwhat more than midway
I ouertoke a man, a seruaunt of his,
And a frend of myne. Who gessed streight with th
What myne errant was, offering in the same,
To do his best for me, and so in Gods name.
Thyther we went no body beyng within,
But myne vncle, my aunte, and one of our kyn,
A mad knaue, as it were a rayling gester,
Not a more gagglyng gandar hence to Chester.
At sight of me he asked, who haue we there?
I haue sene this gentleman, if I wyst where.
Howbeit is, seldome seene, soone forgotten.
He was (as he will be) somwhat cupshotten.
Syxe daies in the weke beside the market daie,
Malt is aboue wheate with him, market men saie,
But for as muche as I sawe the same taunt,
Contented well myne vncle and mine aunt,
And that I cam to fall in, and not to fall out,
I forbare, or els his dronken read snout,
I wold haue made as oft chaunge from hew to he
As doth the cocks of Inde. For this is trew,
It is a small hop on my thombe. And Christ wot,
It is wood at a woorde, litle pot soone whot.
Now mery as a cricket, and by and by,
Angree as a waspe, though in both no cause why,
But he was at home there, he might speake his
Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.
I shall be euen with hym herein whan I can.
But he hauing done, thus myne vncle began.

e marchant, what attempth you, to attempt vs.
o come on vs before the messenger thus:
onning in an out, I heare how ye tosse.
ut sonne, the rolling stone neuer gathereth mosse.
yke a pyckpurs pilgrim, ye prie and ye proule
rouers, to rob Peter and paie Poule.
wes I know, or any more be tolde,
hat draft is your errand, but drinke ye wolde.
ncle (quod I) of the cause, for which I com,
pray you pacientlyheare the hole som.
fayth (quod he) without any more summing
know to beg of me is thy cummyng.
orsoth (quod his man) it is so in deede.
nd I dare boldly bosse, if ye knewe hys neede.
e wolde of pitie yet set hym in some stey.
onne, better be enuied than pitied, folke sey.
nd for his cause of pitie (had he had grace)
e might this day haue bene cleare out of the case,
ut now he hath well fycht and caught a frog.
here nought is to wed with, wise men flie the clog.
here I (quod I) did not as ye wyld or bad,
hat repent I oft, and as oft wish I had.
onne (quod he) as I haue herd of myne olders,
ishers and wolders be no good housholders.
his prouerbe for a lesson, with such other.
t lyke (as who sayeth) the sonne of my brother,
ut lyke myne owne sonne, I ofte before shewde the,
o cast hir quyte of, but it wolde not be,
han I will the any other where to go.
she, there were no maydes but maikyn tho.

Ye had bẽ loſt to lacke your luſt, whan ye lyſt,
By two myles trudgyng twiſe a weke to be kyſt.
I would ye had kyſt well I will no moze ſturre.
It is good to haue a hatche befoze the durre.
But who will in tyme pzeſent pleaſure refrayn,
Shall in tyme to come, the moze pleaſur obtayn.
Folow pleaſur, and than will pleaſur flee.
Flee pleaſur, and pleaſur will folow thee.
And how is my ſaying come to paſſe now?
How oft did I pzophecie this betwene yow?
And youꝛ gynifinee nycebecetur,
Whan ſwete ſuger ſhould tourne to ſoure ſalt petur
Wherby ye ſhould in ſeyng that ye neuer ſaw,
Thynke that you neuer thought, your ſelf a daw.
But that tyme ye thought me a daw, ſo that I
Dyd no good in all my wurds then, ſaue onely
Appzoued this pzouerbe playn and true mater,
A man may well bzyng a hoꝛſe to the water,
But he can not make hym dzynke without he will.
Colts (quod his man) may pzoue well with tatches yꝑ
Foꝛ of a ragged colte there comth a good hoꝛſe.
If he be good now of his yll paſt no foꝛſe.
Well, he that hangth him ſelf a ſundai (ſayd he)
Shall hang ſtyll vncut doune a mondaie foꝛ me
I haue hangd vp my hatcheth, God ſpede hym welt.
A wonder thing what things theſe old things tell.
Cat after kynde good mouſe hunt. And alſo
Men ſaye, kynde will crepe where it may not go.
Commenly all thing ſhewth fro whence it camme.
The litter is lyke thee to the ſyze and the damme.

lw can the fole amble, if the hoꝛs and mare trote
hese sentences are assigned vnto thy lot,
y condicions of thy father and mother,
y syster in law, and myne owne said bꝛother.
hou folowest their steppes as right as a lyne.
ꝛ when pꝛonander pꝛickt them a litell tyne,
hey dyd as thy wyfe and thou did, both date;
he on other, and beyng not woꝛth a grote,
hey went (witlesse) to wedding. Wherby at lasse
hey both went a begging. And euen the lyke casse
lt thou, thou wilt beg oꝛ steale, er thou dye.
ake hede frend I haue sene as far come as nye.
ye seke to fynd thynges, er they be lost,
shall fynd one day you come to your cost.
his do I but repete, foꝛ this I told the,
d moꝛe I say, but I could not than holde the.
ꝛ will not holde the now: noꝛ such folly feele,
set at my heart that thou settest at thy heele.
d as of my good, er I one grote gyue,
till see how my wife, and my self may lyue.
on gorst a glenyng er the cart haue caried.
t er thou gleind ought, sens thou woldst be maried
al I make the laugh now, and my self wepe then.
y good chyld, better chyldꝛen wepe than old men
n should not pꝛese much, to spēd much vpon fools.
h is cast away that is cast in dꝛye pools.
flee charge, and fynd ease, ye wold now here offer.
is easy to crye vle at other mens coste.
t a bow long bent, at length must war weake.
ng bent I toward you, but that bent I will breake.

Fare

Fare well and fede full, that loue ye woll to do,
But you luste not to do, that longeth therto.
The cat wolde eate fyshe, and wold not wet her feet
They must hōgre in frost, that wil not work in heet
And he that will thryue, must aske leaue of his wyfe.
But your wife will geue none, by your and hir lyfe.
It is harde to wine and thryue bothe in a yeare.
Thus by thy wyuyng, thryuing doth so appeare,
That thou art past thryft before thryft begyn.
But lo, wyll will haue will, though will wo wyn.
Will is a good sonne, and will is a shrewde boy.
And wilfull shrewde wil hath wrought thee this toy
A gentill white spurre, and at nede a sure speare.
He standeth now as he had a flea in his eare.
Howbeit for any great courtesie he doth make,
It semeth the gentelman hath eaten a stake.
He beareth a dagger in his sleue, truste me,
To kyll all that he meteth prouder then he.
He will perke, I heare say he muste haue the benche.
Jacke wold be a gentleman if he could speke frenche
He thinkth his fete be, wher his head shal neuer com
He wouldе fayn flee, but he wanteth fethers, some.
Sir (quoth his man) he will no faute defende,
But harde is for any man all fautes to mende.
He is inueles, that is fautles, olde folkes thought.
He hath (quod he) but one faute, he is nought.
Well (quoth his man) the best cart maie ouerthrow
Cartes well driuen (quod he) go longe vpright thou
But for my reward, let him be no longer tarier.
I will send it him, by Jhon long the tarier.

O helpe h'm ſyr, ſayd he, ſens ye eaſily may.
Shamfull crauing (quod he) muſt haue ſhamful nay.
Ye may ſyr (quod he) mend thys nayes with one ye.
Two falſe knaues nede no broker, men ſay (ſayd he)
Some ſay alſo it is mery when knaues mete.
But the mo knaues the worſe company to grete.
The one knaue now croucheth, while thother crauth.
But to ſhew what ſhall be his releuauith.
Eyther after my death if my will be kept,
Or during my lyfe, had I this hall hept
With golde, he may his parte on good friday eat,
And faſt neuer the wurs, for ought he ſhall geate.
Theſe former leſſons conde, take forth this, ſonne.
Tell thy cardes, & than tel me what thou haſt wonne.
Now here is the doore, and there is the wey.
And ſo (quod he) farewell gentill Geffrey.
Thus parted I from him, beyng much diſmaied,
Which his man ſaw, and (to comfort me) ſayed.
What man, pluck vp your heart, be of good chere.
After cloudes black, we ſhall haue wether clere.
What ſhould your face thus agayn the woll be ſhorne
For one fall: What mā al this wind ſhakes no corne.
Let this wynd ourblow, a tyme I will ſpy,
To take wynde and tyde with me, and ſpede therby.
I thanke you (quod I) but great boſte and ſmall roſte,
Maketh vnſauery mouthes, where euer men oſte.
And this boſte very vnſauorly ſerueth.
For whyle the graſſe groweth the horſe ſterueth.
Better one byrde in hande than ten in the wood.
Rome was not buylt in one dai (quod he) and yet Ro-

Till it was kinisht, as some say, full faire.
Your heart is in your hose all in dispaire.
But as euery man saith, a dog hath a day.
Should you a man, dispaire thau any day: nay.
Ye haue many strings to the bow, for ye know.
Though I, hauing the bent of your vncles bow,
Can no way bring your bolt in the but to stand,
Yet haue ye other marks to roue at hande.
The kays hang not all by one mans girdell man.
Though nought wilbe woon here, I say, yet ye can
Taste other kynsmen, of whom ye may geat.
Here some and there some, many small make a great
For come light winnyngs with blessings or curses,
Euermore light gaynes make heauy purses.
Children learn to crepe er they can learn to go.
And little and little, ye must learn euen so.
Throw no gyft agayn at the geuers head,
For better is halfe a lofe than no bread.
I may beg my bread (quod I) for my kyn all
That dwelth ny. Well, yet (quod he) and the worst fa
Ye may to your kynsman, hens nyne or ten my.e.
Rych without charge, whom ye saw not of long wh
That benchwhistler (quod I) is a pinchpeny,
As free of gyft, as a poore man of his eye.
I shall get a fart of a dead man as soone
As a farthing of him, his dole is soone doone.
He is so hy in thinstep, and so streight laste,
That pryde and couetise withdraw with all repaste,
Ye know what he hath bene (quod he) but ywis,
Absence saith plainly, ye know not what he is.

Men know (quod I) I haue herd now and then,
How the market goth by the market men.
Further it is ſaide, who that ſaiyng weyth,
It muſt nedes be true, that euery man ſeyth.
Men ſay alſo, chyldren and fooles can not ly.
And both man and chyld ſayeth, he is a heinſby.
And my ſelf knowth hym, I dare boldly brag,
Euen as well as the begger knowth his bag.
And I knew hym, not worth a good grey grote.
He was at an ebbe, though he be now a flote,
Poore as the pooreſt. And now nought he ſetteth
By poore folke. For the paryſh prieſt forgetteth
That euer he hath ben holy water clarke,
By ought I can now heare, or euer could marke,
Of no man hath he pitie, or compaſſion.
Well (quod he) euery man after his faſſion.
He may yet pitie you, for ought doth appeare,
It hapth in one houre, that hapth not in. vii. yeare.
Forſpeake not your fortune, nor hide not your nede.
Nought beter nought haue, ſpar to ſpeke ſpar to ſpede
Unknowen vnkyſt, it is loſt that is vnſought.
Is good ſeke nought (quod I) as ſeke and find nought
It is (quod he) yll fyſhing before the net.
But though we get litle, dere bought and far fet
Are deinties for ladies. Go we both too,
Haue for my maiſter thereby to doo.
May breke a diſh there, and ſure I ſhall
Get all at ſixe and ſeuen, to wyn ſome wyndfall.
And I will hang the bell about the cats necke,
Or I will firſt breake, and ieobard the firſt checke.

And for to wyn this pray, though the cost be mine,
Let vs present him with a botle of wyne.
What should we (quod he) grease the fat sow in thar
We may do much yll, er we do much wars.
It is, to geue hym, as much almes or nede
As cast water in tems, or as good a dede,
As it is to help a dogge ouer a style.
Than go we (quod he) we lese tyme all this whyle.
To folow his fancy, we went together.
And toward night yester night when we came thithe
She was within, but he was yet abrode.
And streight as she saw me, she swelde lyke a tode.
Patring the diuels Pater noster to hir self,
God neuer made a more crabbed elf.
She bad him welcome, but the wurs for me.
This knaue cometh a beggyng, by me thought she.
I smelde her out, and had hir streight in the wynde.
She may abide no beggers of any kynde,
They be both gredy guts all geuen to get.
They care not how, all is fysh that cometh to net.
They know no end of their good, nor beginning
Of any goodnesse, such is wretched winning.
Puniget dropeth euen out of both their noses.
She goth in th broken shone and torne hoses
But who is wurs shod, than the shoemakers wyfe,
With shops full of new shoas al her lyfe:
Or who will do lesse, than they that do make:
And namely of hir I can no way make boste,
She is one of them, to whom God bad who.
She will all haue, and will right nought forgo.

She will not part with the paring of hir nayles,
She toyleth continually for anayles.
Which life she hath so long now kept in vre,
That for no life she wold make chaunge, be sure.
But this lesson lernd I, er I was yeares seuen,
They that be in hell, wene there is none other heuen.
She is nothing fayre, but she is yll fauourd.
And no more vnclenly, than vnswete sauourd.
But hakney men say, at mangy hackneys hyer,
A scald hors is good inough for a scabde squyer.
He is a knuckylbonyard very meete
To matche a mynion nother fayre ne swete,
He winkth with ths tone eye, & lokth with the tother
I will not trist him though he were my brother.
He hath a poyson wit, and all his delite,
To geue tauntes and chēckes of most spitefull spite.
In that house commonly such is the cast,
A man shall as soone breake his necke as his fast.
And yet now such a gyd did hir head take,
That more for my mates then for maners sake,
We hed bread and drynke, and a chese very great,
But the greatest crabs hewst all the best meat.
For her crabbed chese, with all the greatnesse,
Might well abyde the fyneneſſe, or sweatneſſe,
Anon he cam in. And whan he vs saws,
To my companion kyndly he did draw.
And a welfauourd welcom to him he yelde.
Bidding me welcom strangly ouer the feelds.
With these woords. Ah yōg mā I know your maiter.
By my faith you come to loke in my water.

And for my comfort to your conſolacion,
Ye would, by my purs, geue me a purgacion.
But I am laratiue inough there otherwiſe:
This (quod this yong man) contrary doth ryſe.
For he is purs ſicke. and lackt a phiſicion,
And hopeth vpon you in ſome condicion.
Not by purgacion, but by reſtoratiue.
To ſtregth his weakneſſe to kepe hym alyue.
I can not (quod he) for though it be my lot
To haue ſpeculacion, yet I practiſe not.
I ſee much, but I ſay litle, and do leſſe.
In this kynde of phiſike, and what would ye geſſe,
Shall I conſume my ſelf, to reſtore hym now:
Nay, backare (quod mortimer to his fow)
He can before this tyme, no tyme allyne,
In whych he hath laied doune one peny by myne,
That euer might eyther make me bite or ſup.
And bir lady frend, nought lay doune, nought take vp
Ka me, ka the, one good tourne aſkth an other.
Nought won by the tone, nought won by the tother.
To put me to coſte, thou camſt halfe a ſcore myles,
Out of thyne owne neſt, ſeke me in theſe out yles.
Where thou wilt not ſtep ouer a ſtraw, I thynke,
To wyn me the worth of one draught of drynke.
No more than I haue womme of all thy hole ſtocke,
I haue ben common Jacke to all that hole flocke.
When ought was to do, I was common hackney.
Folke call on the hors that will cary alway.
But euermore the common horſe is worſte ſhod.
Deſert and reward be oft tymes thinges for od.

At end I might put my wynning in myne eye,
And ſee neuer the worſe, for ought I wan them bye.
And now without them, I lyue here at Kaues end.
Where I nede not borow, nor I will not lend.
It is good to beware by other mens harmes,
But thy taking of thyne aulter in thine armes,
Teacheth other to beware of their harmes by thine.
Thou haſt ſtriken the ball, vnder the line.
I pray you (quod I) pittie me a poore man,
With ſomewhat, tyll I may worke as I can.
Toward your working (quod he) ye make ſuch taſtigs
As approue you to be none of the haſtings.
Ye ren to worke in haſt as nine men helde ye,
But whan ſoeuer ye to worke muſt yelde ye,
Of your mete mats and you mete together,
Than ſhall we ſee two men beare a fether,
Recompenſing former loytring lyke looſe.
As did the pure penitent that ſtale a gooſe,
And ſtak doune a fether. And where old folke tell
That euell gotten good neuer proueth well.
Ye will truely get, and true getting well keps
Tyll tyme ye be as ryche as new ſhorne ſhepe:
Howbeit whan thryft and you fell firſt at a fray,
You played the man, for ye made thryft ren away.
So help me God, in my poore opinion,
A man might make a play of this minion.
And fain no ground, but take tales of his own frends
I ſucke not this out of my own fingers ends.
And ſens ye were wed, although I nought gaue you,
Yet pray I for you, God and ſainct Luke ſaue you.

And here is all. For what should I further wade?
I was neither of court nor of counsayl made.
And it is, as I haue lerned in listning:
A poore dogge, that is not worth the whistling.
A day er I was wedde, I bad you (quod I)
Scarbrough warning I had (quod he) wherby,
I kepe me thens, to serue the accordíng.
And now if this nightes lodging and bordíng.
May ease the, and ryd me from any more charge,
Than welcome, or els get the streight at large,
For of further reward, marke how I bost me,
In case as ye shall yeld me as ye cost me,
So shall ye cost me as ye yelde me lykewise.
Which is, a thing of nought rightly to surmyse.
Here with all his wyfe to make vp my mouth,
Not onely her housbands taúting tale auouthe,
But therto deuiseth to cast in my teeth,
Checks and choking oysters. And whan she seeth
Her tyme to take vp, to shew my fare at best,
Be se your fare (sayd she) set your heart at rest.
Fare ye well (quod I) how-euer I fare now.
And well mote ye fare bothe whan I dyne with yow.
Come, go we hens frynd (quod I to my mate)
And now will I make a crosse on this gate.
And I (quod he) crosse the quite out of my booke,
Sens thou art crosse saylde, auaie vnhappy hooke.
By hoke or croke nought could I wyn there, men say
He that comth euery day, shall haue a cocknay.
He that comth now and then, shall haue a fat hen.
But I gat not so much in coming seelde when,

As a good hens fether, or a pooze eggſhell.
As good plaie foz nought as wozk foz nought, folk tel,
Well well (quod he) we be but where we were.
Come what come wold, I thought er we came there,
That if the wozſt fell, we could haue but a nay,
There is no harme doone man in all this fraie.
Neither pot broken, noz water ſpylt.
Farewell he (quod I) I will as ſoone be hylt,
As waite again foz the mooneſhyne in the water.
But is not this a prety pyked mater?
To diſdeigne me, who muck of the wozld hozdth not,
As he doth, it may ryme but it accozdth not.
She ſometh like a boze, the beaſt ſhou d ſeme bolde,
Foz ſhe is as fiers, as a Lyon of Cotſolde.
She fryeth in her owne greaſe, but as foz my parte,
If ſhe be angry, beſhrew her angry harte.
Frend (quod he) he may ſhew wiſdome at will,
That with angry heart can hold his tung ſtill.
Let pacience grow in your gardein alway.
Some looſe oz od ende will come man, ſome one day,
From ſome frend, eyther in lyfe, oz at death,
Death (quod I) take we that tyme, to take a breath:
Than graſſe we a grene graſſe on a rotten roote,
Who waith foz dead men ſhoen, ſhal go lõg barfoote.
Let paſſe (quod he) and let vs be trudging,
Where ſome noppy ale is, and ſoft ſwete ludging.
Be it (quod I) but I would very fayn eat,
At breakfaſt and dyner I eat little meat,
And two hungry meales make the thryde a glutton:
We went where we had boylde beefe & bake mutton.

Wherof I fed me as full as a fat tunne.
And a bed were we er the clocke had nyne runne,
Early we roſe, in haſte to get away.
And to the hoſtler this mo2ning by day
This ſelow calde. what how ſelow, thou knaue,
I p2ay the let me and my ſelow haue
A hayze of the dog that bote vs laſt night,
And bitten were we both to the b2ayn a right,
We ſawe eche other d2unck in the good ale glas,
And ſo dyd eche one eche other, that there was.
Saue one, but olde men ſay that are ſkyld,
A hard foughten feeld, where no man ſcapeth vnkyld.
The reckning reckned he, nedes would pay the ſhot,
And nedes he muſt fo2 me, fo2 I had it not.
Th's dsone we ſhoke hands, and parted in fyne,
He into his way, and I into myne.
But this iourne was quyte out of my way.
Many kynſfolke and few frends, ſome folke ſaye.
But I fynde many kinſfolke, and frend not one.
Folke ſay, it hath ben ſayd many yeares ſens gone.
P2oue thy frend er thou haue nede, but in dede.
A frende is neuer knowen tyll a man haue nede.
Befo2e I had nede, my moſt p2eſent foes
Semed my moſt frends, but thus the wo2ld goes,
Euery man baſteth the fat hog we ſee,
But the leane ſhall burne er he baſte d bee.
As ſayth this ſentence, oft and long ſayd befo2e.
He that hath plenty of goodes ſhall haue mo2e,
He that hath but a little, he ſhall haue leſſe.
He that hath right nought, right nought ſhal poſſeſſe

Thus

Thus hauing right nought, & wold ſomwhat obtayn
With right nought (quod he) I am retorned agayn.

The. xii. Chapiter.

SVrely (quod I) ye haue in this tyme thus worne,
Made a long harueſt for a litle corne.
Howbeit, comfort your ſelf with this old text,
That telth vs, when bale is hekſt, boote is next,
Though euery man may not ſit in the chayre.
Yet alway the grace of God is worth a fayre.
Take no thought in no caſe, God is where he was.
But put caſe in pouerte all your lyfe pas,
Yet pouertie and poore degree, taken well,
Leedth on this, he that neuer clymbde, neuer fell.
And ſom caſe at ſom tyme ſhewth preeke ſomwhere,
That riches bryngth oft harme, and euer feare.
Where pouertie paſſeth without grudge of grieſe.
That man, the beggar may ſing before the thiefe.
And who can ſing ſo merry a note,
As may he, that can not chaunge a grote.
Ye (quod he) beggers may ſing before theeues,
And wepe before true men, lamenting their greeues
Some ſay, and I fele hunger perſeth ſtone wall.
Yeat nor yet money to bye meat withall,
Haue I not ſo much as may hunger defende
To my wyfe and me. Well (quod I) God will ſende
Tyme to prouide for tyme, right well ye ſhall ſe.
And ſende that prouiſion in tyme, ſaid he.
And thus ſeming wery of his lyfe,
The poore wretch met to his like poore wretched wyfe.

From

Frō watōnes to wretchednes, brought on their kn
Their hearts ful heauy, their heads be full of bees.
And after this a monthe, or ſomwhat leſſe,
Their laudlord came to their houſe to take a ſtreſſ
For rent, to haue kept Waya rdin the ſtable.
But that to wyn, any power was vnable,
For though it be yll plaiyng with ſhort daggers.
Which meaneth, that euery wiſe man ſtaggers,
An earneſt or boorde to be buſy or bolde
With his byggers or betters, yet this is tolde.
Where as nothing is, the kyng muſt loſe his right
And thus kyng or keyſer muſt haue ſet them quight
But warning to departe thens they neded none.
For er the next day the byrdes were flowne eche on
To ſeke ſeruyce, of which where the man was ſped,
The wyfe could not ſpede, but maugre hir hed,
She muſt ſeke els where, for either there, or ny,
Seruice for any ſuite ſhe none could eſpy.
All folke thought them not onely to lyther,
To lynger bothe in one houſe togyther,
But alſo dwelling ny vnder their wyngs,
Vnder their noſes, they might conuey things,
Such as were nother to heuy nor to whot.
More in a moneth then they their maiſter got
In a whole yeare. Wherto folke further weiyng,
Receiue eche of other in their conueiyng,
Might be wurſt of all. For this prouerbe preeues,
Where be no receyuers, there be no theeues.
Suche hap here hapt, that cōmon drede of ſuch gyle
Droue them and kepeth the a ſonder many myles

Thus though loue decre, departure death to be,
Yet pouertie parteth felowship we se.
And doth those two trew louers so diffeuer,
That mete shall they seeld when, or haply neuer.
And thus by loue, without regard of lyuyng,
These twaynhaue wrought eche others yll cheuyng,
And lothe hath so lost them the loue of their frends,
That I thinke them lost, and thus this tale ends.

The. xiii. Chapiter.

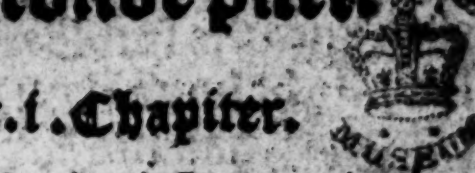
Why sir (sayd my frēd) whā men wil nedes mary,
I see now, how wisdom and hast may vary,
Namely where they wed for loue altogether.
I wold for no good, but I had come hyther.
Swete beautie with soure beggery, nay I am gon,
To the welthy wythered wydow, by sainct Jhon.
What yet in all haste (quod I) ye (quod he)
For she hath substaunce inough, and ye se,
That lacke is the lolle of these two yong fooles.
Now ye not (quod I) that after wise mens schooles,
A man should hear al parts, er he iudge any:
Why are ye that (quod he) For this (quod I)
Tolde you, whan I this began that I wolde
Tell you of two couples, and I hauing tolde
But of the tone, ye be streight starting away,
As I of the tother had right nought to say.
Or as your self of them right nought should heare.
Say not also (quod he) but syns I thynk clear,
There can no way appere so painfull a lyfe,
Betwene your yong neyhour and his olde riche wyfe.

As this tale in this yong poore couple doth ſhow.
And that the moſte good or leaſt yll ye know.
To take at ende, I was at beginning bent,
With thanks for this, and your more pain to pre
Without any more matter now reuolued,
I take this matter here clerely reſolued,
And that ye herein awarde me to forſake,
Beggerly beautie, and riueld riches take.
Thats iuſt, if the half ſhall iudge the whole (quod I
But yet here the whole, the whole wholly to try.
To it (quod he) than I pray you by and by.
We will dyne firſt (quod I) for it is noone hy.
We may as well (quod he) dyne when this is doone
The longer forenoone the ſhorter after noone.
All couth to one, and therby men haue geſt,
Alway the longer eaſt the ſhorter weſt.
We haue had (quod I) before ye came, and syn,
Weather, meete to ſet paddockes abrode in.
Rain, more thā enough, & what al ſhrewes haue b
Chaunge from foule weather to faire is oft inclin
And all the ſhrewes in this parte, ſauing one wife.
That muſt dyne with vs, haue dynde payn of my l
Now if good chaunge of yll weather, be depending
Upon her dief, what were myne offending,
To kepe the woman any longer faſting.
If ye (quod he) ſet all this farre caſting.
For comunon wealth, as it appereth a clere caſe,
Reaſon wold your will ſhould, and ſhall take place

Thus endeth the fyrſt parte.

¶ The seconde parte.

¶ The. i. Chapiter.



DIners can not be long, where deinties want,
Where coine is not cõmon, cõmõs must be scãt
In post pase we pass from potage to cheese,
And yet this man cride, alas what tyme we leese.
He would not let vs pause after our repaste,
But apart he pluckt me streight, and in all haste.
As I of this poore yong man, and poore yonge mayd,
Or more poore yõg wife, the forsaid words had sayd,
So prayeth he me now the proceese may be tolde,
Betwene tother yõg man, and ryche widow olde.
If ye lacke that (quod I) away ys must wynd,
With your hote errand, and halfe thanswere behynd.
Which thing to do, sens hast therto shewth you loth,
And to hast your goyng, the day away goth,
And that tyme lost, agayn we can not wyn.
Without more losse of tyme, this tale I begyn.
IN thys late old widow, and than olde N. w wyfe,
Ags and appetite fell at a strong strife.
Her lust was as yong as her lyme were olde.
The day of her wedding, lyke one to be solde,
She set out her self in fine apparell.
She was made lyke a bere pot, or a barell.
A croked hoked nose, beetyll browoe, blere eyde.
Many men wisht, forbeautifying that bryde.
Her waste to be gryde in, and for a boone grace,
Boone fauoured v. for, on her yll fauoured face.

But

But with visorlike visage, such as it was,
She smirked, and she smylde, but so lisped this lad,
That folke might haue thought it done onely alo
Of wantonnesse, had not hir teeth ben gone.
Upright as a candle standth in a socket,
Stode she that day, so simpre de cocket,
Of auncient fathers she toke no cure nor care.
She was to them, as koy as a crokers mare.
She toke thenterteinment of the yong men
All in daliance, as nice as a nuns hen.
I suppose that day hir eares might well glow
For all the towne talke of hir hye and low.
One sayd, a well fauourd old woman she is.
The diuell she is sayd an other, and to this.
In came the thyrd, with his. v. egges, and sayde,
Fyfty year ago I knew hir a trym mayde.
What euer she were than (sayd one) she is now,
To become a bryde, as meete as a sow
To beare a saddle. She is in this mariage
As comely as a cowe in a cage.
Gup with a galde backe gill, come vp to souper.
What mine olde mare would haue a new crouper
And now myne old hat must haue a new band.
Well (quod one) glad is he that hath hir in hand.
A goodly mariage she is, I hear say.
She is (quod one) were the woman away.
Well (quod an other) fortune this moueth.
And in this case euery man as he loueth,
Quoth the good man, whan that he kyst his cow.
That kisse (quod one) doth wel here, by god a vow

But how can she geue a kysse soure or swete?
Her chin and her nose, within halfe an inche meete.
God is no botcher syr, saide an other.
He shapeth all partes, as eche part may fitte other.
Well (quod one) wisely, let vs leaue this skanning.
God spede them, be as be may is no banning.
That shalbe, shalbe, and with gods grace they shall
Do well, and that they so may wishe we all.

THIS wōder (as wōders last) lasted nyne dayes.
Which done, & al gests of this feast gon their waies,
Ordinary houlholde this man streight began.
Very sumptuously, which he might well do than.
What he would haue, he might haue, his wife was set
In such dotage of him, that faire wordes did set,
Bromelsede plentie, and pleasur to prefer,
She made much of hym, and he moch-much of her.
I was as (I saide) much there, and most of all
The first month in which time such kindnes did fall,
Betwene these two conterfaite curtse burdes.
To se his swete looks, and heare her swete wurdes,
And to thinke wherfore they both put both in vre,
It wolde haue made a hors breake his halter sure.
All the first fortnight theie tickling might haue taught
Any yong couple, their loue trickes to haue wrought.
Some laught, & said, all thing is gay that is grene.
Some therto said, the grene new brome sweepth clene.
But sens all thing is the wors for the wearing,
Becaie of cleue sweping folke had in fearing.
And in deds, er two months away were crept:
And his biggest bags into his bosome swept.

Where loue had apered in hym to hir alway
Hoote as a toste, it grew cold as a kay,
He at meat caruyng hir, and none els before,
Now carued he to all but her, and her no more.
Where her words seemd hony, by his smiling chere
Now are they mustard, he frowneth them to heare.
And whan she saw swete sauce begin to war soure,
She wart as soure as he, and as well could loure.
So turned they their tippets by way of exchaunge,
From laughing to lowring, & taunts did so raunge,
That in plain terms, plain truth to you to vtter.
They two agreed, like two cats in a gutter.
Mary syr (quod he) by scratching and byting
Cats and dogs come together, by folkes reciting.
Together by the eares they come (quod I) cherely,
Howbeit those words are not voyde here clerely.
For in one state they twayn could not yet settle.
But wauering as the wynd, in docke out nettle.
Now in, now out, now here now there, now sad,
Now mery, now hye now low, now good now bad.
In which vnstedy sturdy storms streinable.
To know how they both were irrefreynable,
Marke how they fell out, and they fell in.
At ende of a supper she did thus begin.

¶ The. ii. Chapiter.

Husbāde (quod she) I wold we were in oure n
Whā the bely is ful, the bones wold be at r
So soone vpon souper (said he (no question,
Slepe maketh yll and vnholsome digestion.

By that diete a great disease once I gat.
And burnt chyld fyre dredth. I will beware of that.
What a post of physike (saied she) ye a post,
And from post to pyller wyse, I haue ben tost
By that surfet. And I feele a little fit,
Euen now, by former attempting of it.
Wherby, except I shall seeme to leaue my wit,
Before it leaue me, I must now leaue it.
I thanke God (quod she) I neuer yet felt payn,
To go to bed timely, but rising agayn
To soone in the morning, hath me displeased.
And I (quod he) haue be more diseased,
By carely lying doune, than by carely rising.
But thus differ folke so, in exercising.
That one may not, an other may.
Use maketh maistry, and men many tymes say,
That one loueth not, an other doth, which hath sped,
All meats to be eaten, and all mayres to be wed.
Haste ye to bed now, and ryse ye as ye rate.
While I ryse early, and come to bed late.
Long lying warme in bed is holsome (quod she)
While the leg warmeth, the foote harmeth (quod he)
Well (quod she) he that doth as most men doo,
Shalbe lesse wondred on, and take an y too,
That be man and wife in all this hole towne.
And moste parte toge ther, they rise and lye downe.
When byrds shall rouse (quod he) at. viii. of ten,
Who shall appoynt their houre, the cocke or the hen.
The hen (quod she) the cocke (quod he) iust (quod she)
As Iermans lips. It shall proue more iust (quod he)

Than prouis I (quod she) the more foole far awai.
But there is no foole to the olde foole, folke say.
Ye are wyse inough (quod he) if ye kepe ye warme,
To be kept warme, and for none other harme,
Nor for much more good, I toke you to wedde.
I toke not you (quod he) night and daye to bedde.
Her carrain carkas (saide he) is so colde,
Because she is aged, and somwhat to olde,
That she kylth me, I do but rost a stone.
In warning her. And shall not I saue one,
As she wold saue an other? yes by sainct Jhon.
A syr (quod she) marye this geare is alone.
Who that wost male, shall holde the candell, I se
I must warme bed for hym should warme it for me
This medecine thus ministred is sharpe and colde.
But all thing that is sharpe is short, folke haue tol
This trade is now begon, if it holde on,
Then farwell my good dayes, they will be soone g
Gospell in thy mouth (quod he) this stryfe to breake.
Howbeit, all is not gospell that thou dost speake.
But what nede we lump out loue at once lashing.
As we should now shake hands, what soft for dashin
The fayre lasteth all the year. we be new knet,
And to late met, that I fear we parte not yet,
Quoth the baker to the pillory. Which thing,
From distemperat fonding, temperance may bring.
And this reason to ayde, and make it more strong,
Olde wise folke say, loue me little, loue me long.
I say little (sayd she) but I thynke more.
Thought is fre. Ye leane (quod he) to the wrong sho
Braul

Brauling bosted not, he was not that night bem,
To play the brydegroome. Alone to bed she went,
This was heir beginning of iar, Howbeit,
For a beginning this was a feat fit.
And but a fleabiting to that did ensew.
The worst is behind: we come not where it grew,
Now say you saide he to me) by my wife
The diuell hath cast a bone (sayd I) to set strife
Betwene you, but it were a foly for me,
To put my hand betwene the barke and the tre,
Or to put my finger to far in the fyre,
Betwene you, and lay my credence in the myre,
To meddle little for me it is best.
For of little medling cometh great rest.
Yes ye may meddle (quod he) to make her wise,
Without taking harme, in geuing your aduise,
She knowth me not yet, but if she war to wyse,
I shall make her know, an old knaue is no chylde.
Sluggyng in bed with her is worse than watching,
I promise you an old sack aseth much patching.
Wel (quod I) to morow I will to my beades,
To praye, that as ye both will, so ake your heades,
And in meane tyme my aking head to ease,
I will couche a hogs head. Quath he whan ye please,
He parted, and this within a day or twain,
Was raakt vp in thashes, and couerd agayn,

The. iii. Chapiter.

These two daies past, he sayd to me, whi ye will,
Come chat at home, al is wel Jak shal haue git.

Who had the lours ende of the staffe (quod I now)
Shall the maister weare a breche, or none, say you.
I trust the sow will no more so depe wroote.
But if she do (quod he) you must set in foote.
And whom ye se out of the way, or shoote wyde,
Ouershoote not your self any syde to hyde.
But shoote out some woords, if she be to whot
She may say (quod I) a fooles bolte is soone shot,
Ye will me to a thankelesse office here.
And a busy officer I may appere.
And Jack out of office she may bid me walke.
And thinke me as wise as Waltās calfe, to talke,
Or chat of her charge, hauing therin nought to do.
Howbeit, if I se nede, as my part comth to,
Gladly betwene you I will do my best.
I bid you to dyner (quod he) as no gest,
And bring your poore neighbors on your other syde.
I did so. And streight as thalde wyfe vs espyed,
She bad vs welcome and merily toward me,
Grene rushes for this stranger, strawe here (quod she)
With this aparte she pulde me be the sleue,
Saiyng in few woords, my mynd to you to meue,
So it is, that all our great fray the last night,
Is forgeuen and forgotten betwene vs quight.
And all frayes by this I trust haue taken end.
For I fully hope my husband wil amend.
Well amended (thought I) whan ye both relent,
Not to your owne, but eche to others mendment.
Now if hope fayle (quod she) and chaunge bring about
Any such breache, whereby we fall agayn out,

I pray

pray you tell him his pars vers now and than.
nd wynke on me also hardly if ye can
Take me in any tryp. Quoth I, I am lothe,
To medle commonly. For as this tale gothe,
Who medleth in all thing, may shoe the gosling,
Well (quod she) your medling herein mae bring
The wynd calme betwene vs, whan it els might rage
I will with good will (quod I) pll wynds to swage,
ope som wynd at neede, though I wast wynd in vain
To table we sat, where fyne fare did remayn.
Very we were as cup and can could hold,
Eche one with eche other homely and bold.
And she for her parte, made vs chere heauen hye,
The first part of dyner mery as a pye.
But a scald head soone broken, and so they,
As ye shall streight hear, fell at a new frey.

¶ The. iiii. Chapiter.

HUsband (quod she) ye study, be mery now.
And euen as ye thinke now so come to you.
Nay not so (quod he) for my thought to tel right
I thinke how ye lay groning wife, all last night.
husband, a groning hors, and a groning wyfe,
Neuer fail their maister (quod she) for my lyfe.
No wyfe, a woman hath nine lyues lyke a cat.
Well my lambe (quod she) ye may picke out of that,
As soone goth the yong lambskyn to the market,
As tholde yewes. God forbid wyfe, ye shall first iet.
I will not iet yet (quod she) put no clouting.
It is a bad sacke coat will abyde no clouting.

And as we oft se, the loth stake standeth long.
So is it an yll stake I haue herd among.
That can not stande one year in a hedge.
I drynke (quod she) Quoth he I will not pledge.
What nede all this, a man may loue his house well,
Though he ryde not on the rydge, I haue herd tell.
What. I wene (quod she) proker seruice stynkth.
But somwhat it is, I se, when the cat wynkth,
And both her eyen out, but further strife to shonne,
Let the cat wynke, and let the mouse ronne.
This past, and he chered all, but most chere
On this part, to this fayre yong wife did appere.
And as he to her cast oft a louing eye,
So cast her husbande lyke eye, to his plate by.
Wherwith in a great musing he was brought.
Frend (quod the good man) a peny for your thought.
For my thought (quod he) that is a goodly dishe.
But of trouth I thought, better to haue then wishe,
What, a goodly yong wyfe, as you haue (quod he)
Nay (quod he) goodly gylt goblets, as here be.
Fyr lady frends (quod I) this maketh a show,
To show you more vnnaturall than the crow,
The crow thingth hir own byrdes fairest in the wood
But by your woords (except I wrong vnderstood)
Eche others byrdes or iewels, ye do weie
Aboue your own. True (quod the old wyfe) ye seie.
But my neighbours desire rightly to measur,
Comth of nede, and not of corrupt pleasur.
And my husbands more of pleasur, than of nede.
Old fish & yong flesh (quod he) doth men best fede.

An

nd some say, chaunge of pasture makth fat calues.
s for that reason (quod she) routh to halues.
s well for the coow calfe as for the bull.
nd though your pasture loke barreinly and dull,
et loke not on the meat, but loke on the man.
nd who so loketh on you, shall shortly skan,
e may write to your frends, that are in helth.
ut all thing may be suffred sauing welth.
n old saide saw, itche and ease, can no man please.
lentie is no deintie, ye se not your owne ease.
see, ye can not see the wood for trees.
our lips hang in your light, but this poore mā sees
oth how blyndly ye stand in your owne light,
nd that you rose on your right syde here right.
nd might haue gon further, and haue faren wurs,
wot well I might (quod he) for the purs,
ut ye be a baby of Belsabubs bowre.
ontent ye (quod she) take the swete with the sowre.
ancy may bult bran, and make ye take it floure.
will not be (quod he) should I dye this houre,
hyle this fayre floure flourisheth thus in mine iye.
es, it might (quod she) and heare this reason why.

now is whyte) And euery man lets it lye.
d lyeth in the dyke)
pper is blacke) And euery man doth it bye.
d hath a good smacke)
lke (quod he) is white) But al men know it good
d lieth not in the dike) (meat.
ke is all blacke) No mā wil it drink nor eat.
d hath an yll smacke)

Thy ryme (quod he) is much elder than myne,
But myne beyng neuer is trewer than thine.
Thou likenest now, for a vayn aduauntage,
White snow to faire youth, black peper to soul age,
Which are placed out of place here by rood,
Black ynke is as yll meat, as black pepper is good.
And whyte mylk as good meat, as white snow is yll
But a milk snow whit smoth iõg skin, who chãge w
For a pepper ynke black rough old riueld face?
Though chaunge be no robbry for the chaunged case
Yet shall that chaunge rob the chaunger of his wit,
For who this case sercheth, shall soone se in it,
That as well agreeth thy comparison in these,
As a lyke to compare in taste, chalke and chese.
Or a like in colour to deme ynke and chalke.
Walke drab walke. Nay (quod she) walk knaue walk
Sayeth that terme. Howbeit sir, I say not so.
And best we lay a straw here, and euen there who.
Or els this geare will brede a pad in the straw.
If ye hale this way, I will an other way draw.
Here is God in thambrye (quod I). Quoth he, nay.
Here is the diuell in thorologe, ye may say.
Sens this (quod I) rather bringeth bale than boote,
Wrap it in the clothe, and tread it vnder foote.
Ye harpe on the string, that geueth no melody.
Your tungs ron before your wits, by sainct Anton
Marke ye, how she hitteth me on the thõbes (quod h
And ye taunt me tyl ouer thumb (quod she)
Sens tyt for tat (quod I) on euen hand is set,
Set the hares head against the gose ieb let.

he is(quod he)bent to fors you perfors
o know, that the grey mare is the better hors.
he chopt logyk, to put me to my clargie.
he hath one point of a good hauke, she is hardie,
ut wyfe, the first point of hauking is hold fast.
d hold ye fast, I red you, lest ye be cast.
your owne tourne. Nay she will tourn the leaf.
d rather(quod I)take as faith in the sheaf,
your hands, and let fall her hold, than to be to bold
y, I wil spit in my hands, and take better hold.
(quod she)that will be angry without cause,
ust be at one, without amends, by sage sawes,
read a worme on the taile, and it must turne agayn
taketh pepper in the nose, that I complain
on his fautes, my self being fautlesse.
t that shall not stop my mouth, ye may well gesse,
ell(quod I)to much of one thing is not good.
aue of this. Be it(quod he)fall we to our food,
t suffrance is no quittance in this daiment.
(quod she)nor misreckning is no paiment.
t euen reckning maketh long frends, my frend,
r alway owne is owne, at the recknings end.
is reckning thus reckned, and dyner ones done,
e three from them twain, departed very sone.

¶ The. v. Chapiter.

This old woman the next day after this night,
Stale home to me, secretly as she might.
To talke with me, in secrete counsell (she said)
thinges which in no wise might be bewraide.

We twayn are one to many (quod I) for men say,
Three may kepe a counsell, if two be away.
But all that ye speake, hereafter to tell.
I will say nought but mum, and mum is counsell.
Well then (quod she here in auoyding all feares,
Auoyd your children, small pitchers haue wyde ea
Which done (she sayd) I haue a husband, ye know
Whom I made of nought, as the thing self doth sh
And for these two causes onely hym I tooke.
First, that for my loue, should louingly looke,
In all kyndes of cause, that loue ingender might,
To loue and cherysh me by day and by night.
Secondly, the substance, which I to hym brought,
He rather should augment, than bring to nought,
But now my good, shall both be spent, ye shall se,
And it in spending foole instrument shalbe
Of my destruction, by spending it on such
As shall make him destroy me: I feare this much.
He maketh hauok, and setteth cocke on the hoope.
He is so laueis, the stocke beginneth to droope.
And as for gayn is dead, and layd in tumbe
What he should get ought, eche fynger is a thumb
Eche of his ioints against other iustles,
As handsomly as a beare picketh muscles.
Flattring knaues & flering quenes beynge the mai
Hang on his sleue, many hands make light warke.
He hath his haukes in the mew, but make ye sure,
With empty hands men may no haukes allure.
There is a nest of chykens, which he doth brood,
That will sure make his hayr grow through his hoo

They can currifauell, and make fayre wether,
Whyle they cut large thongs of other mens lether.
He maketh his marts with marchants likely,
To bring a shylling to. ix. pens quickely.
If he holde on a while, as he begins,
We shall se him proue a marchaũt of eele skins.
I marchaunt without either money or ware.
But all be lugs words, that I speake to spare.
Better spare at brym than at bottom say I.
Euer spare and euer bare, saith he, by and by.
Spend, & God shal send (saieth he) saith tholde balet,
What sendth he (saie I) a staffe and a wallet.
Than vp goeth his staffe, to send me a louse,
He is at three words vp in the house rouse.
And here in to grow (quoo she) to conclusion,
I pray your ayde, to auoyd this confusion.
And for counsaile herein, I thought to haue gon,
To that cunnyng man, our curate sir Jhon.
But this kept me backe, I haue herd now and then,
The greatest clerks be not the wysest men.
I thynk (quod I) who euer that terms began,
Was neither great clerke, nor the greatest wise man.
In your renning from hym to me, ye roon
Out of Gods blessing into the warme soon.
Where the blynd ledth the blynd, both fall in the dike
And blynde we be both, if we thynke vs his like.
Folke show much foly, when things should be sped.
Go ren to the foote, that may go to the hed.
Pens he best can, and moost ought to do it,
Feare not, but he will, if ye will woo it.

There

There is one let (quod she) mo than I spake on,
My husband and he be so great, that the ton
Can not pisse, but the tother must let a fart.
Choose we him aparty, than farewell my part.
We shall so part stake, that I shall lese the hole.
Folke say of olde, the shoe will holde with the sole:
Shall I trust him then? nay in trust is treason.
But I trust you, and come to you this season
To hear me, and tell me, what way ye think best,
To him in my husbande, and set me in rest.
If ye mynde (quod I) a conquest to make
Ouer your husband, no man may vndertake
To bring you to ease, nor the matter amend.
Except ye bring him to weare a cocks comb at end,
For take that your husband were, as ye take him,
As I take him not, as your tale would make him,
Yet were contention lyke to do nought in this,
But kepe him nought, and make him wors than he
But in his complaint, for counsell quick and clere,
A few prouerbs for principals, let vs here.
Who that may not as they would, will as they ma
And this to this, they that are bound must obay:
Foly it is to spourne against a pricke,
To striue against the streame, to winche or kicke
Against the hard wall: By this ye may se.
Being bound to obedience, as ye be,
And also ouermatcheth, sufferaunce is your daunce
Ye may ouermatche me (quod she) perchaunce
In strength of bodie, but my tung is a lym,
To matche and to vers euery vayn of hym.

Tung breaketh bone, it self hauing none (quod I)
f the wynd stand in that doore, it standth awry.
The perill of pratyng out of tune by note,
Telth vs, that a good be styll is worth a grote.
n beyng your owne foe, you spin a fayre threde.
duise ye well, for here doth all lye and blede,
Flee that tempting of extremities all
Folke say, better sit styll than ryse and fall.
For litle more or lesse no debate make,
t euery dogs barke, seme not to awake.
nd where the small with the great, can not agre,
The weaker goeth to the pot, we al day see,
o that alway the bygger eateth the beane.
e can nought wyn, by any wayward meane.
Where the hedge is lowest, men may soonest ouer,
Be silent. Let not your tung run at rouer.
ens by stryfe, ye may lose, and can not wyn,
uffer. It is good sleping in a whole skyn.
f he chyd, kepe your byll vnder wyng muet.
hatting to chyding is not woorth a chuet.
Ne se many tymes, might ouercomth right.
Were not you as good thā to say, the crow is whight.
nd so rather let fayre woordes make fooles fayn,
Than be plain without plites, & plant your own pain
or were ye as plain as dunstable hye way.
et should ye that way rather breake a loue day,
Than make one thus though ye perfitly knew,
ll that ye coniecture to be proued trew,
et better dissemble it, and shake it of,
Than to broyd him with it in earnest or scof.

If he play falsehed in felowship, plaie ye,
Se me. and se me not, the woꝛst part to flie.
Why thinke ye me so whyte Iuerd (quod she)
That I will be tung tied? Nay I warrant ye.
They that will be afrayd of euery fart,
Must go far to pylle. Well (quod I) your part
Is to suffre (I say) Foꝛ ye shall pꝛeue.
Taunts appease not things, they rather agreue,
But foꝛ yll company, oꝛ expense extreme,
I hear no man doubt, so far as ye deme.
And there is no fyꝛe without some smoke, we se.
Well well, make no fyꝛe, rayse no smoke (sayd she)
What cloke foꝛ the rayne soeuer ye bꝛing me,
My self can tell best, where my shoe doth wꝛing me,
But as ye say, where fyꝛe is, smoke will appere.
And so hath it done. Foꝛ I did lately here,
How flek and his make, vse their secrete haunting,
By one byꝛd, that in myne eare was late chaunting.
One swalowe maketh not sommer (sayd I) men say
I haue (quod she) no bloks in his way to lay.
Foꝛ further encrease of suspicion of yls,
Belyte his letting into the towne, to his gyls,
With cakes he consumeth him self and my goods,
Sometyme in the feelds, sometyme in the woods.
Some hear and se him, whom he heareth noꝛ seeth
But feelds haue eyes, and woods haue eares, ye w
And also on my maydes he is ouer tooting.
Can ye iudge a man (quod I) by his lookyng?
What, a cat may looke on a kyng, ye know.
My cats lering looks (quod she) at firſt show,

BRITISH MUSEUM